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04x01 - Just a Little Help

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04x01 - Just a Little Help

by **bunniefuu**

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[We opens with a drag queen, Shanda Leer, singing “What I Did for Love”.]

Shanda Leer:

Kiss today goodbye,

And point me t'ward tomorrow.

We did what we had to do

Won't forget, can't regret

What I did for...#

[Cut from Shanda Leer to Brian and Justin at the loft. Brian is going through the mail.]

Brian: sh*t! It’s that time of the month again.

Justin: When your little friend comes to visit?

Brian: When every g*y charity on the f*cking planet tries to hit me up for a table at their benefit or an ad in their booklet or a sperm sample for their silent auction. Unfortunately, it’s also that time of the month for my credit card bills.

Justin: I’ve never seen so many zeroes.

Brian: Except for a mixer at the g*y and l*sbian Center.

Justin: How are you gonna pay for them all?

Brian: How many blowjobs can you give in an hour?

Justin: Not enough. Not nearly enough.

Brian: I guess I’ll have to come up with the cash some other way.

Justin: Look, we sold almost 3,000 copies of Rage last month on the ‘net last month alone. I could give you some -

Brian: No.

Justin: Why not?

Brian: (laughs) I'm not taking your money.

Justin: I thought we were partners.

Brian: We are.

Justin: Then why won't you let me give you the money?

Brian: 'Cause I don't need your help. I don't need anyone's help! What I need is –

[he walks over to the liquor cart and picks up an empty bottle. Cut to the bar at Babylon, where Brian's ordering a drink.]

Brian: Chivas Regal!

Justin: You may be a pauper, but you drink like a prince. (to the bartender) Make it two. On me.

Brian: Keep it.

Justin: You won't even let me buy you a drink?

[They clink glasses.]

Brian: I can still afford to tie one on without any assistance from you.

[Brian takes Justin by the arm. They continue their conversation in the backroom.]

Justin: Brian, I don't know what the f*ck your problem is. You help everyone! Liberty Avenue would be a police state if it wasn't for you. And now, when you need help - Hey Todd, how's it going?

[Todd get f*cked in the backroom of Babylon - like in Season 1 and Season 3]

Todd: Fine!

Justin: (momentarily confused) Where was I?

Brian: Umm... When I need help?

Justin: Right. You won't take it. You wanna know why that is?

Brian: Pourquoi?

Justin: Because you always have to be the one in charge. The one who's in control, the one who's on top.

Brian: Mmm-hmm. You got it.

[He turns Justin around to face the wall and pulls down his pants.]

[And a big fat Bronx cheer for Rita Montgomery, who shows up in the next scene to threaten Ben.]

Rita: So where is he this time? Huh? Movies, Little League?

Ben: Look, I told you --

Rita: Yeah, yeah, I know, you don't have a clue. Like I believe that!

Ben: I don't care what you believe. He took off. It's not exactly the first time he's run away, is it? So I'd say it's safe to assume he's back on the streets.

Rita: What about your little boyfriend? Huh? He doesn't seem to be around either!

Ben: He's gone to find him. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a class.

Rita: Oh, and I have a custody hearing on Tuesday. And if Jimmy's not there, I'm gonna have the cops all over your little boyfriend's a*s! You hear me? Cause keeping a kid away from his mom? That's called contributing to the delinquency of a minor. And if he took him, that's called kidnapping. I could have him arrested.

Ben: You wouldn't do that.

Rita: You're a smart guy, Professor. You figure out how many years your little sweetie'd be locked up for.

[Back to Mel & Lindz. Mel's going through the mail which is full of solicitations for fundraisers.]

Mel: Angels over Pittsburgh, the Suizzies Hotline, Transgender Shelter. Jesus we must need money to go to all of them.

Lindsay: Look, I get it to.

Mel: If we get any more, somebody's going to have to throw us a benefit.

[Enter Emmett, looking pretty chipper, all things considered.]

Emmett: Hi girls. I would love to smu, but I get slip into a hot bath and dressed and out being five.

Lindsay: Got a hot date?

Emmett: From your lips to the g*y gods ears. No, Vic and I invent a fundraiser for HIV positive.

Mel: Another benefit, when does it ever end?

Emmett: Well if we don't take care of each other, who will?

[Then he notices a rather droopy orchid on the table]

Emmett: Honey, Ted had an orchid who look just like that. He used to tell them Droopy.

Mel: Say hello to Droopy.

Emmett: What are you doin' with it? Lesbians are notories by having her own farns.

Mel: He called us to take care of his mail...

Lindsay: ... and take care of his plants.

Emmett: He off to the Black and Blue party in Sardinia?

Mel: He is in rehab.

Lindsay: He checked himself in. We though about visit him.

Mel: How about coming with us?

Emmett: I can't - benifit.

Mel: It must not be tonight.

Emmett: I'm really busy.

Mel: I'm sure he can use our support.

Emmett: What an interesting thing coming from you, Mel! You were the first to condemn him and now you’re his cheerleader.

Mel: He’s trying to help himself.

Lindsay: Isn’t that what you wanted?

[Cut to Mikey and Hunter in a motel room somewhere out in Nowhere.]

Michael: Think you can leave on something longer than 1 second?

Hunter: What different would it make? It's all sh*t!

Michael: Borrow me your chips.

Hunter: To eat? With Captain Crunch? The chips are sealed.

Michael: I had a whole bag on...

Hunter: So how much longer we have to stay here?

Michael: You see what's goin on outside? It's practically a monsoon.

Hunter: Why we head up to Mexico? Go and become a drug lords. What do you say?

Michael: Why do I bother?

Hunter: Well, you came up with some brilliant plan.

Michael: Better soon, we ran out of cash fast.

Hunter: You have a credit card.

Michael: When I use it they can track us.

[Mikey's cellphone rings. Hunter grabs it.]

Michael: It's Ben.

Hunter: Dude! What's up?

Ben: Hey, pal. How's goin'?

Hunter: We're stuck in a sh*thole motel in the pouring rain down to our last Cheeto, but other than that, life is beautiful.

[Mikey grabs the phone back.]

Michael: Ben?

Ben: Michael? Michael, are you ok?

Michael: Fine. We're both fine.

Ben: Listen, Hunter's mom came by again.

Michael: What you tell her?

Ben: That he ran away and you looking for him and... she didn't believe me. Now, she's running that you arrest it.

Michael: For what?

Ben: Kidnapping. Contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Michael: Can she do that?

Ben: All I know is, she can make a lot of trouble for all of us. That is why you have to come back.

Michael: I told you, I'm not gonna let her take him!

Ben: You can't just hide out forever!

Michael: I'll be OK.

Ben: Please. Tell me where you are.

Michael: I don't want you to get into trouble or hafta lie.

[Hangs up]

Ben: Oh, dammit, Michael! Mike - Michael?

Michael: (to Hunter) Where you going?

Hunter: To get us something to eat before we starve to death!

[Hunter strides off into the pouring rain leaving Michael leaning in the motel doorway.]

[Lunchtime at the Diner. Brian, Ben, Mel and Lindz are in a booth. Justin is in the booth behind Brian. Debbie's wearing a "f*ck Yoga" t-shirt.]

Debbie: It's three days, three f*ck' days and not one f*cking word!

Lindsay: Deb, I got the tuna melt.

Ben: And I got the turkey wrap.

Debbie: Except for this strange, cryptic message, "Don't worry, Ma, I'm alright!"

Justin: Doesn't sound strange or cryptic to me!

[Brian laughs.]

Debbie: Well, you're not a mother!

Ben: I just talked to him, Debbie, and he's alright.

Debbie: He's not alright! A mother can always read between the lines! It's the first time since Michael learned how to pick up a phone that we haven't talked three times a day!

Justin: (incredulously) Three?

Brian: I know, it explains so much.

Debbie: Ben, honey, next time you talk to him, would you please tell him I love him up to the sky and back.

Ben: Sure, Debbie

Debbie: - and if he's not back here pronto, I'm gonna rip his ba*ls off!

Mel: I make a few phone calls about that custody hearing and we see what I can do.

Ben: Thank you, that'll be great.

[Deb hands out the checks to everyone but Brian.]

Brian: Hey Deb, where's mine?

Debbie: Don't you worry about it, honey, you can settle up later, after you're back on your feet, baby.

[Brian grabs everybody's checks, ignoring their protests.]

Brian: Lunch is on me.

Justin: Brian.

Brian: Isn't it allowed to treat me friends?

Lindsay: Brian, it's okay.

Mel: We can handle it.

Ben: Yeah, as soon as you get another job.

Brian: By 4:30 this afternoon, I intend to be reinstated at my former position and with a sizable raise.

Justin: Vance asked you back?

Lindz: Brian, that’s great!

Brian: I’m gonna try and be gracious about it for as long as I possibly can, then I’m gonna stick it to the m*therf*cker. Keep the change, Deb.

[Shanda Leer.]

Shanda Leer:

There'll be a change in the weather

And a change in the scene

How is that?

I'm gonna start wearin' leather

And change my routine

[We cut to Ted. Ted speaking to Group at the Rehab Center - Blake is sitting at his side.]

Ted: I uh, crashed... and cames out for three days. When I came to me the party still goin'. The party was always goin' on. The guys were downstairs, watching porn. And they were really into it. It was hot. So I go down. And that's when I saw the guy in the video... the guy who's goin' gangbanged... [long pause] It was me. That's how I uncontroll I was. God knows if they were using condoms. I don't know, I'll have to take a test. I don't feel very optimistic. That's when I knew if I didn't come here I could be dead.

[After the meeting. Ted and Blake walk out into the hall together.]

Blake: I know how hard that was for you. Just remember, nobody was judging you, because we’ve all been there.

Ted: Well, your being there made it a whole lot easier. In fact, I keep thinking, if all this hadn’t happened, if I hadn’t come stumbling through that door, we might not ever have seen each other again.

[Blake doesn’t say anything, but his expression seems a bit strained.]

Ted: So, you wanna grab some lunch?

Blake: Yeah, lemme just check my messages and I'll meet you in the lounge.

[Blake leaves to go to the cafeteria. Ted glances over at the front office and Emmett is standing there. Steeling himself, Ted puts on his game face and goes over to greet Emmett.]

Ted: Well, this is a surprise! Thought they outlawed shock therapy!

Emmett: Hello, Teddy.

Ted: How did you find me? I hope I didn't end up in the paper again.

Emmett: No, Mel and Linds says you checked yourself in.

Ted: I knew they couldn't keep their mouth shut.

Emmett: I'm happy - if that's the word - that you're here.

Ted: Nothing like a little R&R at a cozy little B&B!

Emmett: So - how long are you - uh -?

Ted: Not long, not long at all. Feeling good as new already. They tell me I'm making remarkable progress.

Emmett: Glad to hear it. Just be careful. You don't want to rush it or -

Ted: Or what?

Emmett: Nothing.

Ted: Or I'll wind up using again, is that what you were gonna say?

Emmett: All I meant was, be careful not to take the cupcakes out of the oven till they're done!

Ted: (sarcastically) Well, isn't that profound! In case you haven't noticed, I'm not a cupcake. OK? And I have no intention of winding up back here, in the losers' lounge.

Emmett: I didn't come here to upset you.

Ted: Then why did you? To see for yourself how far I've sunk?

Emmett: No.

Ted: I told Mel and Lindsay I didn't want anyone visiting!

Emmett: Since when am I anyone?

[Enter Blake, carrying a tray of lunch. There's a strained silence.]

Ted: Blake, you remember...?

Blake: Emmett? Of course.

Emmett: Back again or haven't you ever left?

Ted: Blake isn't a patient. He's a substance abuse counselor and a damn good one!

Emmett: Well, if anyone knows his stuff, it's you!

Ted: He's been amazing. I don't know what I would've done if he hadn't been here.

Emmett: Well, I just came to make sure you're alright and it seems like you are - so -

[Shanda Leer sings "Cry Me A River."]

Shanda Leer:

Now you say you're sorry

For being so untrue– #

[Brian and Gardner Vance.]

Gardner: You look great. Whiskey?

Brian: Little bit early for happy hour.

Gardner: You're here - I'm happy. So did you hear the news? Stockwell was indicated for the coverup of that young man's m*rder. Mayor Deekins has demanded his resignation.

Brian: My, how the mighty have fallen.

Gardner: Damn lucky for Vanguard he didn't bring us down with him.

Brian: Mmm-hmm

Gardner: So...name your price!

Brian: For what?

Gardner: To come back, of course! We need you here. I need you here!

Brian: I don't know, Gardner. It's not just a matter of the money. There are - other issues. A Jacuzzi in my private bathroom. An unlimited expense account. Loyalty!

Gardner: I give you my word. And my handshake.

[Gardner sticks out his hand. Brian hesitates, then shakes it.]

Gardner: Now I just need you to sign this.

[He whips out a paper. Brian skims it, then laughs.]

Brian: Non-competition clause.

Gardner: It's just a formality.

Brian: So this is why you wanted me back? Afraid I was gonna raid the pantry? And here I thought it was me that you didn't want to lose!

Gardner: You're not giving yourself enough credit.

Brian: I'm giving myself ALL the credit. I brought in ALL of the major accounts. I created their campaigns. I convinced the world they couldn't live without their products. And they would leave with me faster than a ten second spot. But if I sign this, they'd all be off-limits. I wouldn't count my clients before they're snatched!

[Brian walks out.]

[Cut to Michael, talking to the cashier at a truck stop diner.]

Michael: He's 16, he's tall, skinny, he's got long, dirty blond hair, he's got a bit of an attitude.

Cashier: I haven't seen him. Sorry.

[Mikey walks out into the parking lot just in time to see Hunter getting out of the cab of an 18-wheeler.]

Michael: Hunter! Where the f*ck have you been? I've been looking all over for you!

Hunter: C'mon. Dinner's on me. (He waves a bill in Mikey's face.)

Michael: Where did you get that? How many truckers did you have to f*ck to get it?

Hunter: Just one! And it was only a blowjob.

Michael: (sarcastically) That's a relief. How COULD you?

Hunter: How could I what? We're broke. Isn't that what you said?

Michael: OK, that's it. Let's go.

Hunter: (hopefully) To Mexico?

Michael: To Pittsburgh.

Hunter: No way, you promised!

Michael: I'm breaking it. Now c'mon!

Hunter: Get the f*ck off me!

Michael: Listen, you little as*h*le. I risked EVERYTHING for you! Now you're gonna do what I tell you.

We're gonna go back and fight and then we're gonna try to turn you into a normal human being which - at the moment? Flapping my arms and flying to the moon seems like a better bet. MOVE IT!

[They're going back to Pittsburgh.]

[Meanwhile, back at the rehab, Ted is scrubbing floors. Blake approaches just as Ted is sniping at somebody for messing up his floor.]

Ted: What do they think I'm doing this for, MY HEALTH?

Blake: Actually, you are.

Ted: I wonder if they made Elizabeth Taylor do this.

Blake: Absolutely. In her diamonds.

Ted: Well, maybe I'd feel better about it if I was wearing a 600 carat choker!

Blake: I'll pick one up for you while I'm out.

Ted: Sorry. Just feeling a little -

Blake: Upset?

Ted: Constipated, actually

Blake: I know what you're going through. It wasn't that long ago I was going through it myself.

Ted: Yeah, I know. I remember bringing you here and I came back to see you and -

Blake: And I was gone. It wasn't very nice of me.

Ted: It was f*ck' shitty. I cared about you. I more than cared about you.

Blake: I know. I know - that's why I had to leave.

Ted: (sarcastically) To spare me the pain?

Blake: And myself. From you seeing me that way.

Ted: Well, now it's my turn. I'm down on my hands and knees, scrubbing the floor. While they all come and gawk so they can feel superior - like Emmett!

Blake: I'm sure he felt just as uncomfortable as you did.

Ted: It takes something like this for a person to reveal his true colors, huh? At least I have you. And you're the only one who knows how it feels, what it's like.

Blake: (Slightly uncomfortable) I have to go.

Ted: A hot date?

Blake: Actually, yeah. We're going to see "Lucia".

Ted: Oh, that's nice. I didn't know that you like opera.

Blake: Thanks to you, I'm hooked.

Ted: Well, at least that's one addiction you don't have to go to rehab for, right?

[Next scene: Hunter, Mikey and Ben's reunion. Hugs all around.]

Ben: [to Michael] I missed you so much.

Michael: Me to.

Hunter: Hey, what about with me?

Ben: Come here, pal. You behave yourself?

Michael: He was a perfect angel.

Hunter: I was a perfect dangel.

[Michael returns the car to Brian. It looks like he drove it to Afghanistan and back. Brian is not pleased.]

Brian: At least it's still in one piece.

Michael: You'll be happy to know Hunter and I are both OK, too.

Brian: (picking up a wrapping) What's this?

Michael: Burger box.

Brian: You ATE in my car?

Michael: We were in a hurry to get home. We didn't wanna stop.

Brian: So you turned my car into a recycling bin. Christ! It's like that time in the 7th grade when I lent you my brand-new ten speed. You brought it back, The front fender was crushed, my seat was torn -

Michael: I was hit by a bus!

[Brian is like - "and your point is?"]

Brian: Well, this is the last time I ever loan you -

[Michael interrupts him with a kiss.]

Brian: What was that for?

Michael: For giving me the wheels for no good reason other than - you love me.

Brian: You're pathetic and so is this car. I haven't enough time to get washed. How do I look?

Michael: Like a million bucks!

Brian: Don’t sell me short. Wish me luck!

Michael: You don’t need it.

[Shanda Leer sings]

Shanda Leer:

But I can't see a thing in the sky

'Cause I only have eyes for you #

Brian: Because I consider you to be my most important client...

Because I regard you as my most valuable account...

Because no one’s close personal friendship means more to me than yours...

Brian: I wanted you to be the first to know...

I’m starting my own agency!

Woman: That's great news, Brian.

Men#1: Well, congratulations, Brian.

Men#2: Way to go, partner.

Brian: It’s a big step, I know,

...but I’m confident that by focusing on a small,...

select list of clients,...

I can still provide the same innovative campaigns you’ve come to expect...

but with the personal attention only a boutique operation can offer.

Woman: Sounds like a hell of a plan.

Men#1: If anyone can pull us off Brian, you can.

Men#2: I like what I'm hearing, partner.

[Dinner Chez Novotny. Ben, Michael, Vic, Deb and Hunter.]

Debbie: Wanna pass the suice, sweety?

Michael: Sure, mom. [whispers to Ben] She's pissed. She's waiting for the right moment to whapp me.

[It knocks on the door.]

Debbie: Right there!

Vic: Well, you sit down and finish eating. Look who's here.

Debbie: Jesus Christ, what the hell are you supposed to be?

Mel: I'm Mother Superior.

Lindsay: And I'm Friedrich.

Vic: I can only dream what perverse go on on your house.

Ben: Let me guess. The theme was "Sound of Music".

Lindsay: It was a benefit.

Mel: Hunter, I mean Jimmy. You sure to cash?

Debbie: You short of cash, honey? Vic, get the tea kettle.

Lindsay: No, it has to come from Hunter.

Hunter: What for?

Mel: I can represent you by the hearing to pay me before the relationship is official. So, what do you say?

Hunter: f*ck, yeah.

Ben (to Michael): See I told you we should do this the right way.

Deb: Yeah, instead of running off without telling your mother!

[She smacks Mikey upside the head.]

Michael: (to Ben) I told you!

Ben: [laughs] Yes, you did.

[Brian and Justin are sitting at the bar at Woody’s.]

Justin: By the time you’re done decimating his client list, Vance will be asking you for a job!

Brian: We’ll see.

Justin: Stop being modest.

Brian: I was aiming for smug.

Justin: How do you like the name I picked out for your new agency?

Brian: Kin-net-ic.

Justin: With two “n’s.”

Brian: That’s clever!

Justin: It’s genius!

[They smile at each other. Brian pulls Justin close and hugs him.]

[Emmett is also at Woody’s sitting alone at a table, looking morose.]

Guy: Excuse me but if no one’s sitting here, I was wondering -

Emmett: I’m very flattered you should ask, so don’t take this the wrong way - but f*ck off!

Guy: I was gonna ask you if I could borrow the stool - as*h*le!

[Brian and Justin approach Emmett’s table.]

Brian: Buy you a drink?

Emmett: (not looking up, starts the same spiel) Look, I’m very flattered you should ask, don’t take - (looks up) Hello, boys.

Brian: Sorry, I mistook you for my friend, Emmett Honeycutt.

Justin: We’re going to Babylon, wanna come?

Emmett: I’m not really in the mood for men, muscles and music. I’d rather stay here and get shitfaced.

Brian: You passed shitfaced about ten miles back.

Emmett: So I’ve had a few c*ck! Does that qualify me for rehab? Besides, I’ve already been there!

Justin: Did you see Ted?

Emmett: And you’ll never guess who’s there with him!

Brian: Liza?

Justin: Robert Downey Jr.!

Brian: Ben Affleck.

Justin: Matthew Perry.

Emmett: Blake! The tweaked out twinky! Isn’t that great?

Brian: Well, some assholes never learn!

Emmett: Oh, no no no, he's learned! He's even gotten a degree! He's a drug abuse counselor! A few days in Dr.Boytoy's care and Mr. Schmidt's as good as new! Let's have a drink to his remarkable recovery. Shall we?

[Ben/Michael Sex scene. In their bedroom. Ben starts teasing Michael by playing with one of his hotspots.]

Michael: Stop it. You get never enough? That'll make three.

Ben: Got I missed kissing you, holding you. What?

Michael: You are so beautiful.

Ben: You're kinda cute yourself.

Michael: Sometimes I wonder why you love me.

Ben: What are you talking about?

Michael: I feel like a such an idiot, running off with Hunter. I should stay here like you've said. Instead putting everybody into "Mikey and Hunter's Excellent Adventure." It wasn't cool, it was so immature. And what kind of message will give that to a kid?

Ben: Well, what you're do was incredibly.

Michael: It was?

Ben: Not only I do admire you for all the ba*ls to do it. I'm actually a kind of jealous.

Michael: Jealous?

Ben: Mmmh, how you broughed you home. I wouldn't call that immature. I would call that...love.
[Justin lets himself into the loft. Brian has a visitor. It's - Jennifer!

Jen: It's a special place.

Brian: Special as in unique, fabulous, one-of-a-kind or special as in there are schools where they can teach them to dress themselves?

Justin: Mom.

Jen: Hi, honey.

Brian: Hi, honey!

[They smile at each other.]

Jen: I mean special as in it's for a certain kind of person, a person who has no children, who's single, a person who - let's face it, Brian, it's a f*ck!

Justin: Mom. What are you doing here?

Brian: So how much do you think I can get for it?

Justin: Get for what?

Brian: I'm selling the loft.

Justin: What?

Brian: It was either cut my expenses or cut my wrists, so I just opted for the tidier of the two.

Jen: Listen, I'll call you later with some comps. We can set a price. (To Justin) Bye darling ...and I won't be charging commission. After all you've done for Justin, it's the least I can do.

[Exit Jennifer]

Justin: You're not selling your loft! It's your home.

Brian: Not for long.

Justin: I thought you were starting your own agency, that your clients were gonna go with you.

Brian: Yeah, well, they turned me down. The best laid plans of mice and ad men.

Justin: There has to be a better way. A loan!

Brian: $100,000 in debt and unemployed? I'm not exactly a very good risk.

Justin: Get a job at another agency.

Brian: Yeah. I do have an offer. It's in Scranton. It's at half my salary.

Justin: Christ. You never should have listened to me.

Brian: I didn't. I listened to me. Besides, it's just four walls and a floor. And top of the line appliances and stainless steel countertops and imported Italian fixtures and -

Justin: It's more than that. It's where we made love for the first time.

Brian: That wasn't love. I just gave you a rim job and f*cked your brains out.

Justin: It was love to me.

[Cut to a hungover Emmett sitting in Deb and Vic's kitchen, flinching as Vic is cracking crab shells with a mallet.]

Emmett: Vic? VIC! Do you have to do that?

Vic: I guess we gave give our guest a claw and a straw or they can suck to be out.

Emmett: All we need is a a dwell or a g*n.

Vic: Someone had to many last night. How about I wash the greens gently? Where is the f*cking strainer? I can't find a thing in this g*dd*mn kitchen!

[Deb goes through the mail.]

Debbie: What's the matter with my g*dd*mn kitchen?

Vic: We had all when we are over to Ted.

Debbie: Then go to Ted's!

Vic: We can't go to Ted's?

Emmett: Would you please...? Make a list and I get everything up.

Debbie: [mouth to Vic] What's wrong with him?

Vic: [mouths back] Ted.

Debbie: Open a new Q-Mart. Fundraiser for the Senator. Christ, another one? Oh, look Vic, you got a postcard - from “Michaelangelo.”

Emmett: That must’ve been lost in the mail a long time.

Vic: Actually, it’s somebody I met at a “faerie gathering.”

Emmett: The Tony Awards?

Vic: It’s a group of g*y men who get together to rediscover our spirit of joy -

Debbie: - and get laid in the bushes.

Vic: Michaelangelo isn’t his real name. It’s his faerie name. We all have one. Mine was -

Debbie: Cherub!

Vic: I went right after I was diagnosed. I was devastated. I didn’t know how I was going to go on. So I swallowed my skepticism. It turned out to be one of the most healing experiences of my life.

Debbie: You know honey, maybe that’s what you need.

Emmett: Running around in the woods with a bunch of fairies? Thanks, but I’ll stick to Advil.

[Cut to Justin with Mel and Lindz, who’s pushing Gus in a stroller.]

Lindsay: [reading the headlines] "Stockwell indicted." Seeing a headline like that restores my faith in humanity.

Justin: We all have Brian to thank.

Lindsay: Well, he's the Wizard of Oz!

Justin: There wasn't any wizard. There isn't any Concerned Citizens for the Truth. Brian paid for that commercial against Stockwell himself.

Lindsay: What?

Mel: You're kidding!

Justin: Now he's $100K in debt. He has to sell off everything he owns, even the loft!

Mel: I never dreamed I'd be saying this, but I wish there was something we could do.

Justin: I tried offering him the money I made from Rage but he wouldn't take it.

Lindsay: He's too proud for that.

Justin: So what are we supposed to do? Stand around and watch while he loses everything?

Lindsay: It's his choice.

Justin: It's his choice? That's it? I thought you cared about him.

Lindsay: I do! But I also know Brian would never be beholden to anyone.

[They go on walking.]

[Cut to Courtroom scene. Rita and her lawyer square off against Ben, Michael, Hunter and Mel.]

CHL: You have in front of you, Your Honor, a copy of Mrs. Montgomery's social worker's report, psychological evaluation, testimony from her new employer, lease for her apartment rental and an approved credit card application.

Hunter: Did they include a Girl Scout badge?

[Mikey, Ben and Mel shush the impudent youngster.]

CHL: Hopefully after reviewing these documents, Your Honor will concur that Mrs. Montgomery has taken admirable initiative in overcoming severe hardship so that James may be returned to her care.

Hunter: Mind if I heave?

Mel: [shush to Hunter] Don't say another word. Your Honor, I don't mean to diminish Rita Montgomery's admirable initiative, but you'll also find another set of documents, including her arrest for stabbing her husband, testimony from neighbors recounting her repeated drug abuse, as well as a statement from her own son describing how she forced him from the age of 12 into acts of prostitution.

Rita: That's not... that's not true!

Hunter: The f*ck is it.

Judge: Young men, please allowed your lawyer speek for you. That's what she's being paid for.

Hunter: Yeah, a buck.

Mel: Now she wants him back. I contend that Rita Montgomery is unfit to be James' mother. It would be detrimental to his physical and emotional well-being to be returned to her so-called care.

CHL: Your Honour, May I...?

Judge: No, Mr.Landby, we're not. I'll be examine the documents in my chambers. I call a 15 minute recess.

Officer: All rise!

[Emmett returns to Ted's apartment to get pots and pans.]

Emmett: Strainer. Strainer.

Ted: Under the sink...

[It comes from the living room.]

Emmett: Jesus, f*cking Mary and Joseph! You scared the sh*t out of me!

Ted: Sorry.

Emmett: Since when are you back? Vic needed some things and -

Ted: Don't mind me. Just take whatever you want.

Emmett: What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in rehab?

Ted: Rehab? I left.

Emmett: Kudos to your counselor. Must be the fastest cure on record.

Ted: Well, with the cost of health care these days, they don't like you to linger too long. In fact, they're thinking of putting in a drive-through window. You don't think that's funny? Drive-through window?

Emmett: Yeah, Teddy, a real scream. I don't know when I've had more laughs than with you.

Ted: Well you must feel real good that the last one's on me. How I've managed to totally f*ck up my life?

Emmett: Sorry! Don't plan pity parties!

Ted: I'm not asking for your pity. I'm just stating a fact.

Emmett: Well, then here's another one. You're not gonna get better sitting on the sofa. So why don't you take your sardonic wit and your superior "I'm not like those other losers" attitude and get your a*s back there!

Ted: So they can fix me? It’s too late. I’m beyond repair. I have nothing. No future, no friends, no job, no lover, what’s the point? I might as well be dead.

Emmett: Then do it.

Ted: What?

Emmett: I said, then do it. Go on, k*ll yourself. You’d be doing us all a favor. Only don’t be a man about it. Be a queen.

[Emmett turns on the stereo.]

Emmett: A little mood music. Here [hands Ted a letter opener] - it’s not quite a dagger, but it’ll do in a pinch. Go on! You can finally be Maria Callas. Plunge it in your heart like Tosca!

Ted: Tosca didn’t stab herself, she jumped off a roof!

Emmett: Even better. Feel free to scream or sing as loud as you want. Because nobody’s listening.

[Emmett flounces out.]

[Now back to the courtroom for Hunter’s custody hearing.]

Judge: Having reviews all the documents there is no doubt Mrs.Montgomery that alcohol and drugs abuse as well as violiated homelife made you fit to give your son a proper care he deserved. Still there is an indication that you made break free from your past. It is also my overwhelming personal feeling that a child should belong where it's matched to their parent as long as the parent can't prevent a safe enviroment. This court is willing to giving you a second change by granting the custody of James. [to Hunter] I hope you will also give your mother a second chance.

Hunter: It's no way helling to give her that.

Judge: If you don't, young men, I'll be forced to hold you even contempt. This court is ajourned.

Mel: I'm so sorry.

[Rita comes over, trying to talk to Hunter.]

Rita: Jimmy, I promise everything’s gonna be better from now on.

Hunter: Sure would, mom.

[Hunter kisses her on the mouth. A big wet one.]

Hunter: I forgot to tell you - I’m HIV positive.

Rita: It's not very funny, Jimmy.

Hunter: It’s true - ask them!

Ben: It’s true.

[Rita wipes her mouth.]

Rita: You f*cking dirty little f*gg*t! What the f*ck - you're trying to give it to me?

[The judge, who must realize that she f*cked up.]

Judge: Miss Marcus, Mister Landers, may I see you?

[Cut to Brian and Justin walking down Liberty Avenue.]

Justin: My mom told me there's someone who's interested in buying the loft.

Brian: A couple of designer fairies who can't wait to turn it into a Moroccan bordello.

[They stop in front of Woody's.]

Justin: Hey, let's grab a drink.

Brian: Nope - better read the fine print. Another f*cking benefit. Wonder what the worthy cause is this time? Send a tr*nny to summer camp?

Justin: C'mon.

[Inside, Shanda Leer is singing.]

Shanda Leer:

What I Did for Love.

What I Did for Love. #

Brian: Some suckers just cannot wait to give their money away.

Justin: It's for a worthy cause.

[Vic with his boyfriend Rod ney, Deb, Em, Ben, Michael, and yes - Hunter too!, Lindz and Mel.]

Brian: What the f*ck's going on here?

Lindsay: We're having a little fundraiser for a very special organization. Perhaps you've heard of them? Concerned Citizens For the Truth? You see, they've made a very significant contribution to our community. They've helped us. And now we hear they're in need of - well, a little help themselves. So we, the community, would like to give something back. It may not be all that they need - but it's a start. We're hoping you'll accept this on their behalf.

[Applause. Lindsay hands Brian an envelope. He hesitates.]

Lindsay: C'mon, open it.

[Brian looks around, then opens the envelope. There's a little smile on his face, but he's also clearly struggling with his pride. He's obviously touched, but something in him resists the idea of a "handout."]

Brian: Umm..I've only known the Concerned Citizens for the Truth for a short time but I've known them long enough to know that they don't like to accept handouts - charitable donations. But I guess this time I'm just gonna have to tell them that once in a while we could all use a little help and they're just gonna have to swallow their f*cking pride and say - thank you.

[His voice breaks a little on the "thank you." More applause. Hugs all around.]

Shanda Leer:

It's Gonna be a Great Day

Angels in the sky

Promise that be by and by

There's gonna be a great day

Hunter: The night's still young. Whaddaya say we hit some after-hours clubs?

Michael: Excuse me, young man?

Ben: You've got school tomorrow.

Hunter: Christ, don't tell me you're gonna turn into my goddam parents.

Mel: Hey, you heard what the judge said. You can live with Michael and Ben provided you stay on your best behavior.

Lindsay: And we're gonna keep an eye on you just to make sure you do.

[Also leaving Woody's: Deb, Vic and Emmett.]

Debbie: Well, I knew I'd live long enough to see g*y marriages, but I never thought I'd live to Brian Kinney accept help - and say thank you!

Vic: I thought I even saw a tear in his eye. [to Emmett] Didn't you?

Debbie: Honey, what's wrong? That famous flame of yours is just about out.

Vic: What you can need a gentle sprinkling of Fairy Dust.

[Brian and Justin.]

Justin: Hey Shanda, the charity was great tonight.

Shanda: It's what I do for love.

Justin: Now you and half of g*y Pittsburgh can sleep soundly in your bed tonight, knowing the loft is still yours.

Brian: Half of g*y Pittsburgh can sleep soundly in their own bed.

[He kisses Justin on the cheek. But then - we see Darren, a/k/a Shanda Leer, leaving Woody's.]

Man#1: Hey, here comes on.

Man#2: Hey f*gg*t!

[g*y bashing just out of earshot of all our boyz and girlz - who walk along in ignorance of what's happening so close to them. Intercutting scenes of our cast laughing, unawares - and of Shanda Leer's earlier performance with clips of Darren being hit and kicked. Finally, Darren is left unconscious on the ground as the episode closes - no music playing, just the sound of the street, traffic, etc.]

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